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means, by due processes of law, by systems of mutual justice analogous to what we have provided for the settlement of all questions which may arise between the different states of our confederacy. We ask merely the extension of this principle and these provisions, with such modifications as the case may require, to the great brotherhood or commonwealth of nations.

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#### ROBERT BURTON ON WAR.

What would Democritus, the laughing philosopher, have said, to see, hear, and read so many bloody battles, so many thousands slain at once, such streams of blood, able to turn mills, *unius ob noxam furiasque*,\* or to make sport for princes, without any just cause, *for vain titles* (saith Austin), *precedency, some wench, or such like toy, or out of desire of domineering, vain glory, malice, revenge, folly, madness,* (goodly causes all, *ob quas universus orbis bellis et cædibus misceatur*), while statesmen themselves in the meantime are secure at home, pampered with all delights and pleasures, take their ease, and follow their lust, not considering what intolerable misery poor soldiers endure, their often wounds, hunger, thirst, &c.? The lamentable cares, torments, calamities, and oppressions, that accompany such proceedings, they feel not, take no notice of it. *So wars are begun, by the persuasion of debauched, hair-brained, poor, dissolute, hungry captains, parasitical fawners, unquiet hotspurs, restless innovators, green heads, to satisfy one man's private spleen, lust, ambition, avarice, &c., "tales rapiunt scelerata in prælia causæ."* *Flos hominum*, proper men, well proportioned, carefully brought up, able both in body and mind, sound, led like so many beasts to the slaughter in the flower of their years, pride, and full of strength, without all remorse and pity sacrificed to Pluto, killed up as so many sheep, for devils' food, 40,000 at once! At once, said I? — that were tolerable; but these wars last always, and for many ages — nothing so familiar as this hacking and hewing, massacres, murders, desolations —

( "—— ignoto cælum clangore remugit;" )

they care not what mischief they procure, so that they may enrich themselves for the present; they will so long blow the coals of contention, till all the world be consumed with fire.

The siege of Troy lasted ten years, eight months; there died 870,000 Grecians, 670,000 Trojans; at the taking of the city, and after, were slain 276,000 men, women, and children, of all sorts. Cæsar killed a million, Mahomet, the Second Turk, 300,000 persons; Sicinius Dentatus fought in a hundred battles; eight times in single combat he overcame, had forty wounds before, was rewarded with 140 crowns, triumphed nine times for his good service. M Sergius had 32 wounds; Scæva, the centurion, I know not how many; every nation hath their Hector, Scipios, Cæsars and Alexanders. Our Edward the Fourth was in 26 battles afoot; and, as they do all, he glories in it; 'tis related to his honor. At the siege of Hierusalem, 1,100,000 died with sword and famine. At the battle of Carmas, 70,000 men were slain, as Polybius records, and as many at Battel Abbye with us; and 'tis no news to fight from sun to sun, as they did, as Constantine and Licinus, &c. At the siege of Ostend, (the devil's academy,) a poor town in respect, a small fort, but a great grave, 120,000 men lost their

\* The Latin quotations are generally followed by a translation.

lives, besides whole towns, dorpes, and hospitals, full of maimed soldiers. There were engines, fire-works, and whatsoever the devil could invent to do mischief, with 2,500,000 iron bullets, shot of 40 pounds weight, three or four millions of gold consumed.

*Who* (saith mine author) *can be sufficiently amazed at their flinty hearts, obstinacy, fury, blindness ; who, without any likelihood of good success, hazard poor soldiers, and lead them without pity to the slaughter, which may justly be called the rage of furious beasts, that run without reason upon their own deaths ? Quis malus genius, quæ Furia, quæ pestis, &c.*, what plague, what fury, brought so devilish, so brutish a thing as war first into men's minds ? Who made so soft and peaceable a creature, born to love, mercy, meekness, so to rave, rage like beasts, and run on to their own destruction ? How may nature expostulate with mankind : *Ego te divinum animal finxi, &c.* — I made thee an harmless, quite a divine creature ! How may God expostulate, and all good men ! yet, *horum facta* (as one condoles), *tantum admirantur, et heroum numero habent* : these are the brave spirits, the gallants of the world ; these admired alone, triumph alone, have statues, crowns, pyramids, obelisks, to their eternal fame ; that immortal genius attends on them ; *hac itur ad astra*.

When Rhodes was besieged, *fossæ urbis cadaveribus repletæ sunt* — the ditches were full of dead carcasses ; and (as when the said Solymán, great Turk, beleaguered Vienna) they lay level with the top of the walls. This they make a sport of, and will do it to their friends and confederates, against oaths, vows, promises, by treachery or otherwise —

“Dolus an virtus, quis in hoste requirat ?”

leagues and laws of arms (*silent leges inter arma* : for their advantage, *omnia jura, divina, humana, proculcata plerumque sunt*), God's and men's laws are trampled under foot ; the sword alone determines all ; to satisfy their lust and spleen, they care not what they attempt, say, or do :

————— “Rara fides, probitasque, viris qui castra sequuntur.”

Nothing so common as to have *father fight against the son, brother against brother, kinsman against kinsman, kingdom against kingdom, province against province, Christians against Christians*, — *a quibus nec unquam cogitatione fuerunt læsi* : of whom they never had offence in thought, word, or deed.

#### SKETCHES OF ACTUAL WAR.

He slayeth, he wasteth, he spouteth his fires  
On babes at the bosom, and bed-ridden sires ;  
He bursteth pale cities through smoke and through yell,  
And bringeth behind him, hot-blooded, his hell.— *Legh Hunt.*

Long ere the hour of the sun's decline, it grew as dark as midnight. About ten o'clock the terrific shelling commenced, every whistling shell bearing on its lighted wings messengers of death and desolation. I never saw these implements of destruction so accurately thrown — some of them scarcely five inches above the walls of the fort. In five minutes the screams of the women in the fort were dreadful. In places so confined, where numberless houses were crowded together, every shell must have found its way to some poor wretch's dwelling, and perhaps torn from mothers' bosoms their clinging babes. No person can estimate the dreadful carnage committed by shells, but those whose fate it has been to witness the effects of